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*“LITTLE PREACHER.”*

# THE LITTLE PREACHER

OR

LIFE OF JIMMY HOBBS.  
\_\_\_\_\_ 1870-1879

BY HIS FATHER,

REV. JAMES HOBBS

*Of the Illinois Conference. Author of "Methodist Standard Holiness Gems," and  
"Mists of Masonic Mysteries."*

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"Even a little child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure, and whether it be right."—Prov. xx, 11.

"A wise son maketh a glad father."—Prov. xv, 20.

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REVISED EDITION.  
SEVENTH THOUSAND.

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## PREFACE.

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Having for nearly eight years and a half held the endearing relation of father to the beloved subject of this book now before you, knowing that every statement found in these pages is a fact to the very letter, and earnestly desiring both to memorialize and perpetuate the extraordinary incidents of the life and character of the lovely child of which the present volume treats, and to bring souls to Christ and heaven by plainly picturing to them the manner in which he lived, acted, studied, and died, I do not think that a generous, intelligent, reasonable, and reading public will expect of me any apology for "broadcasting it o'er the land." I confess that in the past years of my life I have read histories of unusually matured children with

many doubts and criticisms. But since he has lived that has lived, and he has moved that has moved, and he has died that has died, in our midst, of whom I have written, under my own eyes, in my own house, and of my own offspring, I am now fully prepared to say that those *may be* true; this one *is* true. It has been written with close application and great care, and when it is now finished, he has not been gone from among us quite six weeks. To me and my family the writing has been a solemn exercise, and it has been written with many tears. And now, under the blessing of God, may it go forth, bearing precious seed; and may, O may, its influence come again, bringing in sheaves as stars, to deck the immortal crown that will sit upon the brow of the precious "Little Preacher."

JAMES HOBBS,

Decatur, Ill.

# LITTLE PREACHER;

OR

## LIFE OF JIMMY HOBBS.

---

### CHAPTER I.

Little Jimmy Hobbs, the very remarkable subject of the following pages, was born in Armington, Tazewell county, Illinois, July 27, 1870. His death, which was as wonderful as his short life, took place in Middleton, Wayne county, Illinois, January 9, 1879, at the age of eight years, five months, and twelve days. Into this short interval of time he crowded scenes and events that would have done honor to the life and character of a man of twenty-five or more years. His body was always feeble, but his

mind and heart were beyond those of a child from the very earliest that could be noticed of him. He had a good memory; this was noticed by his mother when he first began to talk. When he was three and a half years old his half-brother and sister, Edwin and Lilly, gathered up their books and set off for school. He, seeing them, also got a book and told his ma he would learn too, and of his own accord began with the letters. Every little while, pointing to a letter, he would say: "What is that, ma?" She would answer him, and as little more as possible, thinking he was rather young for a student. But, as strange as it may appear, in three days, even by this way of study, he knew every letter. Without any loss of time and in the same manner, he went on to spelling, and then to reading. It soon appeared to us, and we were advised by many friends, that we would be compelled to limit him

in his attention to books, which we did very much on account of his delicate state of health. Often he was laid on a bed of sickness, from which it was doubtful whether he would recover—once or twice, or perhaps three times a year, for every year of his brief stay with us. But, though this was true, he was reading in from two to four weeks. And about this time, to the great surprise of the family, he read distinctly, as follows, from his little *First Reader*:

Paul Fay is a small lad. His hair is dark. His eyes are blue. His face is fair. Paul is not a bad boy. He is kind to his cat, his dog, and his goat. All his pets love him. Spot is the name of his dog. Spot has big eyes and long ears. Paul is fond of him. When Paul is sent to school, Spot will go too. He will take the lunch in a pail and go by Paul's side.

This description of Paul Fay was really a very fair picture of his own appearance and disposition, and delighted him very much, no doubt, on that account.

In the year 1873, he gave his first attention to preaching when the good old brother, Taylor, was preaching; and afterwards, at home, he would imitate some of his stormy gestures. His very first inclinations were to be a minister, and these feelings never left him. It seemed to be impressed upon his mind that he was a preacher, indeed. One day he was riding with his brother in a buggy, and his brother said to him: "Now you play that you was a preacher, and I will bring you up to this man's house." With the greatest earnestness he looked at him and said: "Why, Eddie, I don't have to *play* I was a preacher, for *I am already a preacher.*"

His grandma Hobbs once wrote in a letter to us that if our little boy continued his diligence and proficiency in reading and other things, she thought "he would certainly get to be president." But he was surprised, and said: "Ha, I ain't ever going to



be president, for I am a preacher, and you must tell her so, pa, when you answer that letter;" and you may be very sure I did so, and with a good deal of pleasure, too. And it was not with just a little pleasure that grandma read the answer.

With the exception of the restraints before spoken of, his reading went on, and before he was six years old he had read the *First, Second, Third, and Fourth Readers*, sixteen small Sabbath school volumes four or five times over; *Pilgrim's Progress*, *Night Scenes in the Bible*, a large book of more than five hundred pages; *Line upon Line*, *Precept upon Precept*, *Daily Bread*, and also, regularly, by course, he had read the *Bible*, as far as to the *Book of Psalms*. Besides this he had read a great variety of religious papers. When between five and six years old he paid for and carefully read a little paper called *The Christian Child*, a very pure little publication, and,

therefore, very congenial to his taste.

He once read the following piece from his little paper, and afterwards, he would not read or handle any book if he knew it was not a good one:

“A gentleman went into his library, and took a book from the shelf. As he did so he felt a slight pain in his finger like the stick of a pin.

“He thought that some careless person had stuck a pin in the cover of the book. But soon his finger began to swell, then his arm, then his whole body, and in a few days he died.

“It was not a pin as he thought, but a small, deadly serpent, that lay concealed among the volumes.

“There are many books and papers published now, for girls and boys to read, in whose pages lie concealed a more deadly serpent than stung the man's finger.

“They are woven into the web of

some of our most interesting books; they are coiled among the pages of dime novels, they are wreathed around the plots that make most of those fictitious books so interesting to children.

"Young people read them, are so charmed with the adventures related, and so interested with the thrilling hairbreadth escapes told, that they scarcely feel the tooth of the serpent that is instilling the poison into their very souls.

"We are very much afraid that when the last records are made up, many will be condemned and lost through the influence of books with serpents among them."

The public libraries of our day are generally a curse like this, wherever they exist.

But let not the persons who peruse these foregoing pages suppose that reading was his only employment. He was fond of play, and there was a

good share of child-like, innocent fun in his nature; and yet he did not seem to engage in play altogether as a child. When about five years old he began to write little letters to his ma while sitting in the same room with her; and many were the letters she received from those little hands. He wrote to his pa, to his brother, and to his sister in the same way; and then he wrote to distant relatives, to his little paper, and he wrote sermons.

## CHAPTER II.

For one of his years he was a great temperance worker and reformer. He raised what he called his "Cold Water Army," which numbered one hundred and three names, under the following pledge:

We, whose names are written below, do pledge ourselves to drink no kind of strong drink while we live.

When he was five and a half years old he wrote this letter to his little *Christian Child*, and it was published in its columns:

The persons who belong to the Church who do not want to live religious, but would rather sell whisky, I think they ought to be turned out of the Church. The Bible says: "Woe be unto the pastors that destroy and scatter the sheep of My pasture, saith the Lord." I am getting all I can to sign the pledge. They ought not to sell any kind of whisky. They ought not to have it about the house. We ought not to drink any whisky, but many do


drink what we never touched. So we may be thankful that we never took a drop of the vile stuff. I am five and a half years old; have subscribed for the *Christian Child*, and my name is

JIMMY HOBBS.

On the 6th day of January, 1877, he wrote the following pledge in his diary:

I will never touch, taste, nor handle whisky in my life. I will, in my life, never go to a dance. Amen. There is a reason why: *First*—Because it is wrong. *Second*.—Because God hates it. I will watch and speak right, and do right, and feel right in every way.

His parents, brother, sister, and friends, felt assured that thus he lived, and grew stronger in these principles all the time. They governed his little life. About the same time he wrote this pledge:

I will never chew tobacco or smoke it. I will never touch, taste, or handle tobacco. There is a reason why: 1. Because God hates it. 2. Because it is wrong. This is true, mind you. 

With very great earnestness and zeal he often delivered little lectures

on temperance. Here is one among his first:

If you want to ruin yourself, get drunk. If you want to spoil your face, get drunk. And if you want to fall in the mud, get drunk; but if you want to go to heaven, let it alone. Never touch it.

When he was sent through the town on an errand to the store, or post-office, or elsewhere, he would not pass near a saloon door, but would always cross to the other side of the street till he was by, and then cross back again. In like manner, in all similar things, having an eye to the counsel of the wise man, he acted in harmony with it: "Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not in the way of evil men. Avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it and pass away."—Prov iv, 14, 15.

He brought nearly to completion a good sized and very interesting scrap-book. The selections for this purpose were entirely his own, and they are all like his own mind and heart

Among them are such as these: Temperance Pledge; The Power of Love; A Mother's Cares; Religion not a Hindrance, but a Help; Be on Time; Birthday Reflections; Prayer; Peace; The Better Home; Learn a Little Every Day; Have Courage to say No; Life; Hope; Patience; The Bible; Watching and Waiting; Time on the Wing; Must Have Christ; The Love of God; Mark this, Boys; A Kiss for a Blow, etc. Scores of others might be mentioned, and, truly, all are worthy, both of my writing and your reading, if your time and my space would permit. But instead of carrying this any further, I will give you one piece in full, as it so perfectly sets forth the manner of the precious little life, now no more on earth. The title of it is:

**WORK FOR THE LITTLE ONES.**

There is no little child too small,

To work for God;

There is a mission for us all,

On each bestowed.



'Tis not enough for us to give,  
Our wealth alone;  
We must entirely for Him live,  
And be His own.

Though poverty our portion be,  
Christ will not slight  
The lowliest little one, so he  
With God be right.

The poor, the sorrowful, the old,  
Are around us still;  
God does not always ask our gold,  
But heart and will.

Oh! how true a picture of what he himself was, is the above poem. Though very small, yet he did so surely work for God. He felt that he had a mission in the world, and a charge to keep, bestowed upon him from above. Of his pocket change, though it was never very much, he gave liberally. His inclination generally, was to give at one time all that he had on hand, lest he should not live to meet another opportunity. He seemed to just live for God, to labor for God, and to belong to God. Though his lot was not cast among

the rich, yet Christ did not slight him. Little Jimmy sympathized with the sorrowing ones around him, and always was ready with heart, and will, and little mite, to relieve them; born with the true spirit of a missionary.

## CHAPTER III.

Jimmy would sometimes write poetry. I will here insert his first little production of this kind, because it is so innocent and child-like, and because it is such real, poetical history of himself. I will give it just as we found it, and as he had left it.

## TOYS.

There was a boy,  
Who had many a toy.  
He had a little car,  
But it did not have tar.

But he had a little cat,  
To what was said scat;  
And it caught rats,  
And got lots of pats.

He had a soft, sweet voice, and was a delightful singer. He would sing psalms, hymns, and spiritual songs, generally. The first psalm he ever

committed to memory and sung, was the twenty-third, in verse, as follows:

The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want  
He makes me down to lie  
In pastures green; He leadeth me  
The quiet waters by.

My soul he doth restore again;  
And me to walk doth make  
Within the paths of righteousness,  
E'en for His own name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through death's dark  
vale,  
Yet will I fear none ill;  
For Thou art with me, and Thy rod  
And staff, me comfort still.

My table Thou hast furnished  
In presence of my foes;  
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,  
And my cup overflows.

Goodness and mercy all my life  
Shall surely follow me;  
And in God's house forevermore  
My dwelling place shall be.

I will now give you the first hymn he ever knew, and which he learned to sing altogether by hearing others; so that every word and syllable was

in its proper place and the tune distinctly and sweetly carried. And this he did at the age of three years :

Jesus loves me ! this I know,  
For the Bible tells me so.  
Little ones to Him belong,  
They are weak, but He is strong.

Yes, Jesus loves me,  
Yes, Jesus loves me,  
Yes, Jesus loves me,  
The Bible tells me so.

Jesus loves me ! He who died,  
Heaven's gates to open wide,  
He will wash away my sin,  
Let His little child come in.

Jesus loves me ! loves me still,  
Though I'm very weak and ill;  
From His shining throne on high,  
Comes to watch me where I lie.

Jesus loves me ! He will stay,  
Close beside me all the way;  
If I love Him, when I die,  
He will take me home on high.

The songs he sung cannot very well be numbered, because so constantly woven into his every day life; and it would be equally difficult to say which

of all that he did sing was his favorite, for all good songs thrilled his very soul with delight, and he would sometimes say to his ma: "These songs make me feel so happy." I verily believe, as nearly as anybody ever did, "he felt like singing all the time," and "how could he keep from singing," as innocent as the current of his young life was? One of his song mottoes was this:

Kind hearts are the gardens,  
Kind thoughts are the roots,  
Kind words are the blossoms,  
Kind deeds are the fruits.

Love is the sweet sunshine  
That warms into life,  
For only in darkness  
Grow hatred and strife.

## CHAPTER IV.

He often committed pieces from books and papers, and would declaim them. The first exercise of this kind he ever engaged in was when he was about three years and eight months old. And his first piece began with this :

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,  
How I wonder what you are;  
Up above the world so high,  
Like a diamond in the sky, etc.

He would go through the entire piece. He did wonder a great deal about what the stars were. He would ask hard questions about them and the moon and sun. His attention might have been drawn and his curiosity excited in that direction to a great extent by his own naturally outreaching observation, assisted, perhaps, at times, by a beautiful lit-

the vesper song his mother would often sing to him, just at nightfall, as they would sit together and look up to the starry plains of a clear sky. The song begins thus :

Beautiful star, in heaven so bright,  
Softly falls thy silvery light;  
Upward my spirit's pinions fly,  
To realms of love beyond the sky.

After he learned a little poem beginning: "Mary had a little lamb," he became the possessor of a small kitty; the name of which was "Dick," and often and often he would put his name in place of "Mary," and the kitty's name in place of the word "lamb," and then with this change he would go over the verses to see how that would sound. And to his little ears it would be very funny and interesting. And, I will say, interesting to myself many times, as well as to some others, and, now that he is gone, more so than then. But, dear reader, do you pause and say,



these are little things? Well, I know they are little things; but I began on purpose to write of little things, and yet they are such as I now love, and of such is my sorrowing heart now full. And I remember that it has been truly said:

Little drops of water,  
Little grains of sand,  
Make the mighty ocean  
And the beauteous land.

## CHAPTER V.

The dear one of whom I am now writing would spend a portion of time very pleasantly with a little neighbor boy, provided he would use no bad language; but would always leave his company, come straight into the house and make a full statement of the whole affair to his mother, if his little playfellow should depart from the use of right words, and then his play would be over for that time.

He was truly a child of prayer. From the time he first began to speak plainly (which was very early, before he was two years old) he was taught to kneel down and say, on retiring at night:

Now I lay me down to sleep,  
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;  
If I should die before I wake,  
I pray the Lord my soul to take.

On arising from his bed in the morning his words of prayer always were these:

Now I wake and see 'tis light;  
'Twas God that kept me through the night;  
To Him I lift my voice and pray,  
That He would keep me through the day.

Besides this, he constantly used the Lord's prayer, as well as a few sentences of original prayer in addition. Whatever he desired or was anxious about, it grew to be his custom to pray about it. He realized that he had a great friend in Jesus, and he very faithfully and confidently carried everything to Him in prayer. I will give a few instances of this. He was naturally very timid and fearful in a thunderstorm, and often at such a time he would slip away to himself, and there pray for safety; and then he would appear perfectly easy and say, "I am not afraid now." At one time he had a little kitty which he valued very much, but it

ran away from him and never returned, and he was very sad over the loss of it. But in the course of time he got another, and then he was always afraid that some day it would be missing like the other one. So when it would be gone out too long to please him, he would go and pray about it, and when it would come he would say, "Ma, my prayer is answered." He kept that one while he lived and it is with us yet. His conscience was very quick and tender at the slightest touch of sin. Whenever he thought he had done wrong he would go and pray to God to forgive him, and then, and not till then, he would feel as happy as before. Oh! how scriptural is such faith as this! And is it not the true faith of a child to believe that God will give all consistent blessings sought for? And are not older persons taught to have and exercise this same child-like faith, where Jesus says: "Ex-

cept ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven."—Math. xviii, 3.

In August, 1874, he was baptized by sprinkling at a quarterly meeting by Rev. C. D. Lingenfelter, presiding elder. At that time he asked his mother if he could take the Lord's Supper. He enjoyed this privilege the rest of his life, for he seemed to fully understand its meaning, and heartily to receive its benefits.

Oh! will not many, young and old, who read this book be led by it to live and do in many things as our dear heavenly-minded little one did? I hope and trust, I desire and pray to God for them, that they will. And if they do, whether they live long or die soon, when the summons of death comes, I am fully persuaded that in great peace they will be permitted to gather up their feet, and follow him to glory.

Once, when reading the Bible, the following words received his close attention: "But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly."—Matt.vi.,6.

After this we lived where there were two snug little closets. To the one on the right of the fire-place he went, and, shutting the door, held his private devotions night and morning.

The gospel involves no conditions that a child cannot fulfill; it imposes no requirements that a child cannot meet. A child may trust in its promises, realize its blessings, and anticipate its rewards. The death of Jesus is the child's plea; the grace of Jesus is the child's strength; pleasing Jesus is the child's easiest rule of right, and going to be with Jesus is the child's best thought of heaven.

## CHAPTER VI.

Let me now say what, perhaps, I have not yet said, but ought to have said before this time. Order and system, a place for everything, and everything in its proper place, seemed always as natural to him as to live. His playthings and his library of books, of which he had collected a fair variety, considering his opportunities, were always arranged with the greatest regularity and precision.

All of these employments which I have before mentioned, were always regularly and constantly kept up; but the main business of his life, as he himself viewed it and as it seemed to observers, of which he made full proof, was that of a preacher. And he did preach; by his earnestness, his innocency of life, his actions, his serious, dignified appearance; and, last,

but not least, his own little pithy sermons, condensed, forcible, simple, and appropriate in expression. He was, in his own mind, an itinerant Methodist preacher, having charge of circuits and stations, until he gradually, though rapidly, rose to the presiding eldership, and then, at last, to be a bishop. He had his own little stated and protracted meetings; his own quarterly, district, annual, and general conferences. From the time that he was four years old to the end of his life, he had a feeling that he was a preacher of the gospel, and it was a deep, and I am compelled to think, a religious feeling.

A brother once said to me, on learning how he did: "I would not allow a child of mine to play after that manner." I told him that his playing seemed to me so serious and religious that I could not find it in my heart to stop him. And I was greatly confirmed in this feeling by a state-



ment made by Bishop Foster, in the Conference Love Feast, at Centralia, in the fall of 1875. He told the number of years he had been preaching, said he began when five years old, among his little playfellows; was convicted then, converted and joined the church sometime afterwards; was licensed to exhort at the age of thirteen; licensed to preach at fifteen; joined the conference at eighteen; had been preaching ever since, and knew nothing else than to be religious, and be a Methodist preacher." In our little boy's sermons, the sentiments he uttered were sound, his Scripture quotations correctly given, his manner emotional, fervent, and tender, and the petitions of his little prayers were such as must have reached the ears of the Most High.

He never made light of sacred things; and now that he is so early gone, and so happy, too, I feel that I have abundant reason to thank God

that I never tried to stop him in these exercises.

I will give a sample of his prayers, when he was holding one of his meetings, not knowing that any one was near enough to hear him:

“Oh! Lord, make me more like Thee. Oh! Lord, give me a new heart. Make me to keep Thy statutes. Oh! Lord, Thou knowest that I have a wicked heart. Forgive my sins, forever and ever. Amen.”

## CHAPTER VII.

On the same occasion that the above prayer was used he preached the following sermon: Prov. xxvii, 1. Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth. Now, my text is true, as you have no reason to boast of to-morrow, for you do not know what a day or an hour or a minute will bring forth. And, then, to-morrow never comes. And you may die before another day. Yes, you might die this day, this hour, this moment. Now, will you still boast? Will any of you boast again? Don't do it, I say; don't do it. God says to-day; will any of you say to-morrow? God says now; will we say some other time? Yes, man says tarry; but God says escape for thy life.

At another time he prepared and preached the following discourse, from First Kings, xviii, 21. Before reading his text he said: This is the golden text. And then he gave it: How long halt ye between two opinions? If the Lord be God, follow Him; but if Baal, then follow him. What if I was going to give you one of two books: one Mr. Moody's hymn book and one his sermon book, and you did not know which you wanted the worst? There you halt. Just the way with us, and goodness and badness. We don't know which one we want the worst. We take badness and go down there. There you halt. Oh! take goodness and go up there. You may think there are a good many there. There you halt. You halt here. But it may do you good. Oh! take God for your God. God said: What you do, do quickly. Are you on God's side? Will you halt, or will you not? Folks have been sick;

promised to do better; told a lie, and halted about it.

When this little preacher was about six years of age he preached this as a missionary sermon, from Acts xx, 35.

“It is more blessed to give than to receive.” “While we give to others, we make them happy and ourselves too. But we are the most blessed, for my text says, ‘It is more blessed to give, than to receive.’ We are called upon to give as the Lord prospers us. To their bodies, bread, meat, clothing, and drink; to their souls, spiritual food, or scriptural instructions; tell them the story of the cross, or give them some tea; or give them an almanac, if they have none; give them a pair of boots, or a pair of shoes; or give them some potatoes, or tomatoes, or give them some sweet potatoes; give them a pair of socks; or give them a broom if they want one.”

With the thought of giving in his mind, or the idea of benevolence sug-

gested by his text, this was a kind of an off-hand sermon, as his eye would fall upon an object around the room, or as he would think of some article which he had seen the stewards bringing to us for quarterage, he would speak of it in his sermon, such as boots and shoes, socks, and broom, potatoes, etc. The almanac he mentions, was suggested to his mind by the Rev. Joseph Harris, our presiding elder, making him a present of a Methodist almanac.

## CHAPTER VIII.

The above sermons are fair samples of the contents of his crowded sermon-box. Some of them are mostly made up of verses quoted from various parts of the Scripture; the others, with one single exception, are wholly original. Mr. Moody says when he gets hold of another man's sermon that is really good, he goes right home and preaches it to his own congregation. Little Jimmy followed this example in regard to one sermon, and I will insert that sermon below, because he had every word of it committed to memory, and, at the age of eight years he delivered it with great power and zeal. The text is found in St. John i, 29. "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world."

Your bodily eye cannot see Him, but the Spirit of God can give an eye to your soul, by which you may look unto Him and be saved. May the blessed promise be fulfilled in you. "They shall look upon Me whom they have pierced." May you have the grace to look! Behold then the Lamb of God.

*First.*—With an eye of penitence see in His suffering, in His death and agony, in the convulsions of nature which accompanied it, the trembling earth, and the darkened sun, see what a fearful thing sin is, sin which has taken up its abode in your heart; and seeing this, let that heart be touched, that stony, insensible heart be affected; let the tears of Godly sorrow gush forth evidencing a repentance to salvation not to be repented of.

*Second.*—With an eye of faith. Believe that He is both able and willing to save you. Doubt not the power



of His Spirit to quicken and purify your soul. Throw your self on Him; He will receive you. He will save you. That "He came into the world to save sinners," and that "His blood cleanseth from all sin," is a "faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation."

*Third.*—With an eye of gratitude. What a benefactor you have in Him! Blessings infinite, purchased at the price of infinite sufferings; and all for you, poor guilty sinner! For your pardon, peace and eternal life procured, and offered without money and without price, awaiting your acceptance by faith.

*Fourth.*—With an eye of love. Here is a manifestation of love without limit, and without end; the Love of God in Christ. God is love; Christ is love; and the soul which loves not the Savior, who came and died to save sinners, is dead to every right feeling, and exposed to eternal ruin.

*Fifth.*—With an eye of joy. To procure joy for you He endured the cross, despising the shame. His desire is to make you a sharer in the joys of a good conscience and an eternal hope—living a holy life on earth, and, after death, having a mansion in the heavens. Behold, then, with joy, the Lamb of God. Behold Him ye careless ones, who make a mock at sin, and to whom sin is as a sweet morsel in your mouths. Oh! how will that sweetness be changed into gall and wormwood when those mouths shall be parched with thirst, and not one drop of water allowed to cool them and slack the consuming fire which preys upon them; when instead of sounds of debauchery and ungodly riot, there will be heard only the cries and lamentations of the lost. “To-day, if ye will hear His voice,” to-day, while there is still time, ye careless ones, “behold the Lamb of God,” Behold him, ye who

are going about to establish your own righteousness. Vain and thankless task! Why labor at it any longer? Away with those robes of self-righteousness with which you are striving to cover your souls. They are filthy rags; they cannot hide your nakedness. Throw them aside and look unto Christ, and then, as His saints, He will array you in fine linen, clean and white, of His own righteousness imparted unto you, in which you will shine throughout eternity.

Behold Him, ye who are weary and heavy laden with sin. He cries to you, "Come unto Me and I will give you rest." He can relieve you of your burden and soothe all your sorrows. He died to save them that were lost. He was wounded for our transgressions. He was bruised for our iniquities. Look then to Him. Go to Him, and "ye shall find rest unto your souls." Behold Him, ye faint-hearted disciples who shrink

from reproach and suffering, for His name's sake. For you He has borne the world's reproach; for you He has suffered even unto death. Are you soldiers of the cross? Are you followers of the Lamb? And do you expect to meet in this world neither storms to try you, nor enemies to combat? Do you think to wear the conqueror's crown without the conqueror's hazard? Be ashamed of your timidity; of your cold, calculating spirit. Rouse yourselves and prepare manfully for the strife, for "The disciple is not above his Master." Behold Him, all of you, for He is the "Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world."

There is set forth in the above sermon: Entire sanctification, holiness to the Lord, purity and innocence of heart and life, the blood cleansing from all sin, etc.

He would go through with this entire sermon with great emphasis and

solemn feeling, and with the eloquence of a natural orator. And I have often known preachers, and merchants, neighbor women, and visitors to secure a hearing, as they supposed, without the knowledge of the sweet little preacher. Sometimes he would discover them, and though it would somewhat embarrass him, he would summon up a degree more of courage, and preach right on.

## CHAPTER IX.

His sermons, reading, writing, singing, and prayers, were all mingled continually, day after day, with system and natural precision. He was often busied, and always ready to engage in doing little errands for the other members of the family with the greatest alacrity and delight. He never attended a week-day school. He never need to be asked or urged to read or study, but rather to be checked and restrained, or he would protract his reading and study hours beyond the endurance of the little body, his eagerness for books was so great, his hungering and thirsting for sacred knowledge was so passingly wonderful.

When he was about four years old he asked the privilege, as he then

called it, to say the prayers at the table. And fearing that in him "the Spirit's course we might restrain," we, with a mutual agreement, consented, and it was a proposal entirely originating with himself; I mean without any other human agency. As consent was given he repeated these words: "Praise ye the Lord; praise the Lord, O, my soul. While I live I will praise the Lord; I will sing praises unto my God while I have any being."—Psalm cxl, 1-2.

Soon after he began this practice a similar request was made by him, all unlooked for by the rest of us, concerning prayers at the family altar. Consent was freely given at once, and as it was just at the moment of prayer, we all kneeled down, and he proceeded in the use of the Lord's prayer. And for more than a year he continued his thanksgivings at the table and his prayers at the altar. He generally desired me or his ma, to

alternate with him in these exercises. His prayer in the family was uniformly: "Our Father which art in heaven; hallowed be Thy name; Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven; give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors; and lead us, not into temptation, but deliver us from evil; for Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. Amen." When any person or persons would be present more than our own family, he thought proper to silently give way for his pa, or perhaps a friend. Although he had never attended a week-day school, as I have already stated, yet he was a very studious and proficient Sabbath-school scholar. Whenever it was thought to be practicable, he was permitted to be in attendance. When this was not the case my little diligent one knew his Sabbath-school lesson anyhow. For two years he



kept pace with the Sabbath-school lesson papers. The *Sabbath-School Gem* was received and very carefully and diligently read by him during his last two years. He left these lesson papers and gems, with *Sabbath-School Advocates*, and scores of other similar ones carefully and neatly stored away in a box which he kept and used for that purpose. For four years he was a constant reader of the *Central Christian Advocate* and *Christian Instructor*. Before he ceased reading, by the closing of his little earthly career, in addition to all that I have before mentioned, he had re-read the *Pilgrim's Progress*, *Night Scenes in the Bible*, had read *Lectures to Children*, *Golden Treasury*, *McGuffey's Fifth Reader*, *Moody's Words*, *Work and Workers*, *Methodist Discipline*, *Minutes of the Annual Conference*, year by year, *Moody's Book of Anecdotes and Illustrations*; a paper called *The Christian Woman*, for two years,

every copy from beginning to end, his own little paper, and finished the entire Bible twice, regularly through, and the third time as far as the thirty-sixth chapter of Exodus—this chapter was read on Friday morning, the third day of January, 1879. And besides this he read for nearly four years, morning and evening, with the rest of the family at worship time, and it was always our practice to read regularly through the Bible, each one reading a verse in turn.

## CHAPTER X.

He very often selected passages of Scripture for me to preach from. The first one that I can remember was: Hosea, tenth chapter, twelfth verse, and third clause, "For it is time to seek the Lord." I used this when he was present, by his special request, in the fall of 1877.

During the last four years that he lived he never seemed to be without the impression that he was an itinerant preacher. He supposed himself in charge, successively, of the Hoodville, New Haven, Belle City, and Belknap circuits. When his year closed at Belle City he preached his people a very touching and appropriate farewell sermon, using for his text second Corinthians xiii, 11. "Finally, brethren, farewell. Be

perfect; be of good comfort; be of one mind; live in peace; and the God of love and peace shall be with you." Here again he preached "Christian Perfection." His closing thought in this sermon was, that if this should be their last farewell on earth, he wanted them all to meet him in heaven. He then supposed his congregation to join with him in singing this verse:

When my final farewell to the world I have  
said,

And gladly lie down to my rest;

When softly the watchers shall say, "He is  
dead,"

And fold my pale hands o'er my breast,  
And when with my glorified vision at last

The walls of that city I see;

Will any one then at the beautiful gate,  
Be waiting and watching for me?

In about three short weeks this verse, from its beginning to its ending, was fulfilled to the uttermost. After it was sung he then gave out the appointment for the new preacher;

exhorted the people to a faithful Christian life, and as to the manner he hoped they would receive and sustain his successor; then sung: "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow," etc., and pronounced this benediction, which was the only one he would ever use: "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all. Amen." The year's work now being closed, attending conference was the next business in regular order. His little annual conference, according to his appointment some months before, was supposed to meet at the city of Alton, Illinois, on the 19th day of December, 1878. His report was "that a very agreeable and pleasant session was enjoyed, and the work which was assigned to him was the Belknap charge." He immediately entered upon his new field of labor and on the 23d day of December, 1878, he preached his opening sermon from Acts x, 29, "Therefore came I unto

you, without gainsaying, as soon as I was sent for. I ask, therefore, for what intent ye have sent for me?" This was the last sermon he ever preached, with the exception of two or three at his little protracted meeting between Christmas and New Year's day.

## CHAPTER XI.

At the regular session of the Southern Illinois Annual Conference, which met at Alton, Madison county, Illinois, September 25, 1878, I was appointed to the Belknap Circuit, but was so situated at that time as to be compelled to resign that work. Afterwards my presiding elder proposed to me that I accept the Middleton Circuit, which I did, and in that work, during the month of December, 1878, we had a very gracious revival of religion in Middleton class. The weather was quite severe, the church building large and uncomfortable, and little Jimmy's health not being very good, he was not at the meeting much until the 27th of the month. He and his mother had been at home mostly up to that time, but

his deep interest in the progress and welfare of the meeting was distinctly seen from its very commencement. He was talking to his mother from time to time about it, inquiring at every opportunity, and anxiously and often praying about it. When I would return from a meeting which he did not have the privilege of attending, he would meet me at the door with questions like these: "Well, papa, what kind of a meeting did you have to-day? Anybody converted? Any one join the church?" Or, perhaps, after I would get seated, he would come to me and get upon my knee, and make a great many very anxious inquiries.

We always thought that we paid a good deal of attention to our *little prattling loved one*, but now we feel as though we did not read all those moving lines deeply enough.

He grew more and more devotional all the time. As swift as a post, he



was running in the way of the testimonies<sup>s</sup> and statutes of the Lord; and also speedily going the way of all the earth. But now! how we can look back and see the plainer, deeper marks of his brief life among us; and how, in the last two or three months, he did so surely and rapidly mature for heaven and immortal glory.

On the night of the 27th of the month last mentioned, he was at the meeting, and as it progressed he was deeply interested and engaged. On the night of the 28th he was present at the meeting again. Almost every night was a season of great rejoicing. A short time before this he had been talking to his mother at home about uniting with the church, and on this last mentioned night, when the doors of the church were opened, his own father had the blessed and happy privilege of grasping his dear little hand and taking him into the church as the twenty-fifth recruit from the Middle-

ton meeting. It is our firm belief, that whatever of conversion might have been necessary in his case took place there and then, for he assured us all, as much as we needed to be assured, that in addition to joining the church, he had given himself and heart to God; and that his sins were forgiven. Had he died without mentioning anything of this kind, I am persuaded we would have felt perfectly at ease about his future state, as though an infant had gone to rest; "for of such," the blessed Savior has declared, "is the Kingdom of Heaven." But the exercise of his mind and heart gave convincing evidence that he understood these deep things, that he communed with God, and that he possessed love, joy, and peace sent down from heaven. He was just as happy as he could be. He literally sung the old year out, and the new one in. One of his happy songs at this time was this:

I gave my heart to Jesus,  
I gave my heart to Jesus,  
I gave my heart to Jesus,  
I'm on my way.

Good news gone to Canaan,  
Good news gone to Canaan,  
Good news gone to Canaan,  
I'm on my way.

I feel a good deal better,  
I feel a good deal better,  
I feel a good deal better,  
I'm on my way.

## CHAPTER XII.

I think a brother and sister will long remember this departed loved one on account of the fact that he always so loved them, and the deep interest he lately manifested in them that they might speedily be brought to Christ. He would talk to Edwin, who was at home and was attending the meetings; and would write to Lilly, who was away. And oh! the loving, touching, and tender appeals that he would speak, and look, and write; and we earnestly trust that the little weapons of his warfare will, at a very early day, and at that great day, prove through God to have been mighty ones; that an entire and undivided family may meet around the throne of God. He prayed in secret especially for the speedy conversion

of these two, and he seemed to feel that the most proper place for him to pray for his brother was up stairs in that brother's room. And there, for several days, he kneeled down often and prayed while the brother was at school. After he would pray, he would get up, walk the floor, and sing these words:

Oh! brother, will you meet me,  
Oh! brother, will you meet me,  
Oh! brother, will you meet me,  
On Canaan's happy shore?

And then the next strain would be:

Oh! sister, will you meet me, etc.

Oh! that they both could have just overheard him in these exercises! But we must commit all these things into the hands of Him who doeth all things well, hoping his childlike, though true and earnest Christian efforts, will be crowned with the best and most glorious consequences. May, oh! may the Lord of heaven take us, take us all, and lead us by

His most gracious Spirit toward that goodly land. His fears seemed to be considerable towards the evening of Sabbath, the 29th of December, lest his mother would think the exposure too great for him to attend the meeting that night; seemingly more deeply concerned than ever. Through the day he had prayed, if possible, more fervently for his brother's conversion than at any time before; and desired to go that night, as he told his mother, "to see Edwin converted." Well, he was allowed to go, and when persons were called to the altar as seekers, and for the prayers and instructions of the Church, as strange as it appeared to others and as new as that kind of work was to himself, the timid and bashful little form pressed through the congregation till he reached his brother, and then with a full heart he plead with him. But why was it? Oh! why was it? Mortals may never know why he was not per-

mitted that night, that very night, or that very hour, to realize the full gratification of his little heart's desire and prayer to God. He made his way back, but oh! such a look of mixed sorrow, love, and pity as he carried on his face is seldom seen, till he reached his mother and covered his face in her lap, because Eddie did not come forward.

Before leaving home he had carefully selected a hymn and requested me to use it for an opening song, and it was all looking to the one special purpose. While this was being read and sung, his interest was intense. He would listen to the expressive words, then look at Edwin, then at me, and then at his ma, "beholding," as it were, "the chain of love combining all below, so fair, so sweet, and withal so sensitive," and "pointing to all above;" and I pray that it may deeply impress the heart of every unconverted reader.

Oh! do not let the word depart,  
And close thine eyes against the light;  
Poor sinner, harden not thy heart;  
Thou wouldst be saved—why not to-night?

To-morrow's sun may never rise,  
To bless thy long-deluded sight;  
This is thy time! oh, then be wise!  
Thou wouldst be saved—why not to-night?

The world has nothing left to give—  
It has no new, no pure delight;  
Oh, try the life which Christians live!  
Thou wouldst be saved—why not to-night?

Our God in pity lingers still,  
And wilt thou thus His love requite?  
Renounce at length thy stubborn will;  
Thou wouldst be saved—why not to-night?

Our blessed Lord refuses none  
Who would to Him their souls unite;  
Then be the work of grace begun!  
Thou wouldst be saved—why not to-night?



## CHAPTER XIII.

Immediately after the dismissal of the last mentioned meeting Edwin went home, and, in the course of half an hour, Jimmy and his ma went home also. There had been persons at the altar, and some had lingered to sing and pray with them. His ma noticed on the way home that he was deeply affected, but when they entered the door and he saw Eddie sitting by the fire he had made in the stove, he could restrain himself no longer. That darling, young, and tender heart, pent up full of feeling and anxiety for his dear brother had to have relief, and he burst out into a loud cry, notwithstanding his earnest efforts to the contrary. Eddie looked at him with great surprise and said: "Why! what is the matter, Jimmy?"

But he could not answer; so ma answered for him, and when Eddie knew the cause of his grief and his deep disappointment as to the result of the evening, he felt it; and how could he help it? For he loved that little brother. That proved to be an arrow that sped to its mark. I pray God that it may not be withdrawn until it shall accomplish all for which He, in His divine wisdom and grace, sent it.

But pause a moment, dear reader, and think; if Eddie or if any of us had realized at that very moment that our lovely child was spending next to his last Sabbath night on earth, oh! how much more we would all have laid it to heart. But making the best of it we can, since it is, and must be as it is, we can anyhow rejoice for this much: The little dying boy had the consolation that his *brother* was deeply serious; but,

"Lord, grant us now this one request,  
Though many things are us denied;  
That love divine may rule his brother's breast,  
And all his actions truly guide."

I have said above that he wrote to his sister Lilly, and he did very often; but I want to give you below one of the letters which he wrote to her in the midst of his greatest religious anxiety, and here it is :

MIDDLETON, Wayne Co., Ill , Dec. 28. 1878.

*Dear Miss Lilly:*—I had a very nice time on Christmas. I got a lot of apples and some candy, and ma got a dollar in money, a Christmas gift. Yes, we wrote to Eva lately. Have you heard from Nellie lately? We didn't get to Conference this time. I have not finished my scrap-book yet. I am piecing me a quilt. I have seven blocks done. It will take thirty-six blocks. Ask grandma if she is surprised at it. We had a good meeting last night. I was there and I didn't go to sleep either. Three shouting at once. I hope you had a nice time Christmas, and I wish you a happy New Year. Tell me what you got Christmas. Good bye.

From your brother,

JIMMY HOBBS.

He added to this letter the next Monday, December 30 (for he never wrote letters on the Sabbath), the following postscript :

P. S.—I have joined the M. E. Church. I joined the 28th. And I have for about four weeks been hoping and praying that Eddie

would do so too; but my prayers are not answered yet. I would be so glad if he would do so. And, Lilly, I have been praying for you and wanting you to do the same; and then I would rest easy. I have been feeling so much better since I joined. I would feel a great deal better if you and Eddie would join. Oh! Lilly, do join; it would make you feel so much better if you would be religious. Charlie Root, Mrs. Haller, and Mr. Youghy are all dead. Well, Lilly, how are you getting along in books? May be Eddie will join to-night; I hope he will. I must close. Here is a [kiss] for you. Good bye. JIMMY HOBBS.

On Tuesday, December 31, he felt that he must give Lilly more items still, and, as the mail had not gone, he wrote as below:

P. S. Number two. *Lilly*:—I suppose you think I am writing a tolerably long letter, but I have a good deal to tell you. When I joined the Church, I did not only join the Church, but I gave my heart to God. Twenty-six have united with the Church, and thirteen have professed religion. Lilly, this is the way I want you to join the Church, and just determine in your heart that you will serve God the rest of your days. I have had one sled-ride and one sleigh-ride. Have you had any yet? This is Tuesday, the 31st, the last day of the year. We

are going to hold watch-night meeting here. Are they going to hold one there? If they are give Jesus your heart, then and there. I can't keep from singing all the time, nearly. I never saw a kiss in a letter before. In P. S. number one you will find one in return. Send me another one. Help me to pray for Eddie. I will continue to pray for you. From your brother,

JIMMY HOBBS.

After he had finished writing this letter he said to his mother, "If I be the means of converting Edwin and Lilly, I will have two stars in my crown, won't I, ma?" She said, "Yes, my son, and it will be a nice thing." But oh! how quickly he passed away to put on that crown. When a few more days, or months, or years are come, may, oh! may neither of these stars be lacking in the crown that decks that lovely brow. For four years he has had a beautiful crown picture hanging up in the house, with these words underneath it: "*There's a crown in Heaven for you.*" But now he wears a far more beautiful one in glory.

## CHAPTER XIV.

On Monday night, the 30th of December, he was at meeting once more; and on Tuesday night, the 31st of December, 1878, after another day of earnest prayer for brother and sister, and pleading with Eddie, too, at home, he was at church again, and again plead with Eddie with tearful eyes and anxious heart. On this night a watch-meeting was held; and this was the last congregation he ever met with on earth. He there understandingly covenanted with other Christians, "For God to live and die."

After he had joined the church he would take the book of discipline and read in full the form of receiving persons into full connection. And he looked forward with a great deal of joy and gladness to the time when

he would be so received; but just when his probation had fairly begun in the Church militant—*God took him to himself;—and received him—yes, into full connection—in the Church triumphant. Oh! God, help us all to meet him there.*

I have said that our little Jimmy was often sick. Very many were the serious spells of fever that we watched him through. Many were the times when we thought he would be called to leave us and we would have to give him up. Last spring, the spring of 1878, he took the whooping-cough. It was very severe with him through the summer months; and in the months following every addition of cold he would take, caused him to cough again, and generally gave him fever.

In the month of November, 1878, he had a severe attack of lung fever from which he got up, and from which he was just gradually recover-

ing when our protracted meeting commenced at Middleton.

On New Year's day, which was Wednesday (as we had been invited to do, and as the weather was much more moderate that day), we made a visit in a sleigh to a brother Anderson and family, about two miles south of our home. He was greatly pleased with the ride. And although he was attended with all possible care and warmly wrapped (which was always the case), we thought on our return that he had taken cold. Thursday, towards evening and through that night, he was threatened considerably with the croup. We treated him with our simple family remedies, and in the morning he was better. But about noon he drew that precious little body up to the stove and said he felt like having a chill; so we made a warmer fire and a more comfortable room. He continued to feel badly, and his mother said to him



about three o'clock in the afternoon, that perhaps it might be better for him to go to bed. His reply to this was, "Ma, I don't like to go to bed, for then I always get sick." But after waiting a little while longer he said, "Ma, I guess I will have to lie down." She prepared him a bed, and he did lie down and never was up again. This was the third day of January, 1879. He had fever during all the night (Friday night) and the next day, on Saturday, about noon, the doctor was called in and began to treat the little Christian patient. The doctor said that his lungs and liver were both very much affected, and that the whooping-cough was the primary cause of his present affliction. That same afternoon Jimmy complained of his throat, and of a difficulty in swallowing his medicine. He had some fever again all through Saturday night, and on the following day (Sabbath) he was no better, but

rather growing worse. In the after part of this day, perhaps about two or three o'clock, he called his mother to the bedside by a whisper and by a motion of the hand, as there were other persons in the room, and, said to her: "Ma, if I die this time I wanted to tell you that I am not afraid to die, for you know that Jesus has forgiven all my sins. I just thought I would tell you; but I don't want you to cry." His ma said, "How could I help it if I should lose my little boy?" "But ma," he said, "I don't want you to;" and with his tender little hand he patted her so lovingly on the face. Now, how was it that he talked in this way about death in his affliction, and never did before in all his other sickness? He had talked of death, but not anything like this.

He must have realized some way  
That God was calling him to come.

## CHAPTER XV.

Thus another Sabbath night passed away, and it proved the very last Sabbath night of his earthly life. Monday came and he was no better, but rather worse. About 3 o'clock in the afternoon of this day he again called his mother to the bedside and said to her: "Now, ma, if I should die this time, I don't want you to think of me as being anywhere else but in heaven; for I'll be there, and I want you to come too." And then, changing his voice (as was natural to him) into tones of pity, he added these words: "But don't cry, ma; don't think any more about it now." Now, his expressions were not language *like* this, but they were precisely *this very* language. And to me and to all who heard them, they were

wonderful utterances. To-day his little throat appeared to be worse, and a preparation was made with which we began to wash it. Tuesday morning he was without fever, and our hopes began to be considerably revived; yet he was very weak. This day he took some nourishment, but coughed and had great difficulty in spitting out what he coughed up. He did not seem to have any very sharp or severe suffering, but for the last three or four days he would often say "I'm so tired, O, I'm so tired." When asked where he was tired, he would say: "O, all over." Before day, and for an hour after day, in the morning of Wednesday, the 8th of January, he seemed to rest well. But when he awoke from his sleep he was flighty. He continued more or less so throughout the day, but at night he was very quiet again. But then it was that we saw and realized that his last night was commenced.

The room was full of anxious friends that night, and oh! such kind friends. And the lines, and the work of the destroyer were so plainly seen in that sweet little tender face; and oh! how terribly crushing to the heart and feelings is the first real perception of this kind. Lord, be our helper! About eight or nine o'clock, his mother, realizing his true situation, said to him: "My dear little Jimmy, did you know that Jesus was coming for you soon?" He replied, "No, ma." Then, after waiting a moment or two, as if thinking it all over to himself, he said, "Well, ma; what must I do to get ready—just as I would to go to bed?" In that moment of deep feeling, hardly knowing what to answer, she impulsively said, "I suppose so." "Well, ma," he said, "take off my waist, then."

For an hour or two after this, the moments were filled up with that innocent and gentle little "oh!" A sweet

dove-like, but very piercing moan to the loving hearts around and bending over him; and then it was nearly every breath, and, "I'm so tired."

I said to him now, for he was perfectly at himself, and had been for some time, and continued so to the end, "You are pa's little Christian child, ain't you, sonny?" And just such a sweet and plain little "Yes, sir," as was breathed forth. I seem to hear it often yet. "You love Jesus, don't you?" I continued. "Yes, sir," he answered. "And you know that Jesus loves you?" I said. "Yes, sir," he replied. He afterwards kissed his pa and ma and brother good-bye, and left a farewell word for his absent sister, who was staying with her grandmother in Chester, and going to school. It was now a little after midnight of Wednesday night, and he spoke to his mother when all around were waiting and watching in silence; "Ma, come, let us go home." She

said, "Why, we are at home, my dear little boy." "But, ma," he said, "this is only our earthly home." "Yes, I know that," she said. "Well, then," said he, "come on; let us go." His mother and her little Jimmy had several times, when he was well, talked about dying, and about going to heaven, and had agreed that it would be very pleasant and happy for them to die at the same time, and go to heaven together. So presently he said to her again, apparently realizing that the end was approaching: "Come on, ma; let us go; oh! ma; why don't you come on?" She answered him: "I cannot go now, my little dear pet, for Jesus has not called me yet; but ma will go with her boy just as far as she can, and Jesus will go with you the rest of the way." A few moments more, and he said to her: "Ma, He's coming." She asked him who it was that was coming. He said, "Jesus is coming, just now."

The eyes of all the friends who were not just overcome for sleep, and with sleep, were fixed upon him, and were suffused with tears; and all were astonished at his language. His breathing had neither grown short or difficult; and the common impression was that he would linger five or six hours yet, or till the morning, and gradually sink down until he would be gone. But, oh! how different it did occur! If it would not be wrong, I would say: "Would that we could have foreseen the manner of the end." But, oh! how amazing! In a moment of stillness, and a moment of suspense and anxiety on the part of all watchers, he spoke once more, and only once more on earth, and said, "MA, I'M GOING HOME." He lifted his little eyes and hands upward towards heaven; he caught a glimpse of its beauties; his ears listened, as though saluted by a new sound; and then, quicker than earthly thought,



his body leaped and bounded clear up from the bed twice; his little face was lit up with the brightest glory; his whole being was apparently thrilled with a heavenly influence, and gazing straight into heaven with a trembling and lengthened "Oo-o-o-o-o!" he lighted very mysteriously in his mother's arms, as she was sitting on the bedside; gasped twice, and was gone in a moment of time from his last words. It was one o'clock, after midnight. The light faded so quickly from his face, and as it went he seemed to give a last, hasty, withdrawing, and most gloriously smiling look upon us, and was no more on earth—the clay sank down so fast. As the spirit went out of the body it appeared to all that beheld the strange sight, that the little body made an effort to fly away as the pure spirit fled away, or that the spirit was unwilling to leave the tenement behind. He hardly seemed to die; but

from the strength of his sufferings and moanings, and talking with his earthly friends, he just leaped into glory in a moment of time, leaving amazement pictured on every face and felt in every heart. All testified that they never saw such a death.

With so great an earthly loss, we never before saw so much of heaven. The angelic and glorious brightness of the room and of that little face, and the whole appearance was like a wondrous sweep of angels down from glory, that kissed away the soul of our precious, much-beloved, lamb-like little one. And he went sweeping away, truly

“Sweeping through the gates to the new Jerusalem.

Washed in the blood of the lamb.”

## CHAPTER XVI.

Glory be to God!

"There is a world above  
Where parting is unknown;  
A whole eternity of love,  
Formed for the good alone;  
And faith beholds the dying here  
Translated to that happier sphere.

Thus star by star declines,  
Till all are passed away.  
As morning high and higher shines,  
To pure and perfect day;  
Nor sink those stars in empty night;  
They hide themselves in heaven's own light."

"Death," it is said, "loves a shining mark." O, friends and acquaintances of our precious one, did it not find such an one in this case? And is it not hard to give up on earth the companionship of one so gentle and loving, so engaging and bright? But there is a consolation, which comes rolling out of Paradise, and over the

tops of the mountains, and down the stream of time, of divine origin. Let us hear it: "He shall gather the lambs with His arm, and carry them in His bosom." And we have consoling lessons, sweetly true, coming from the poet's pen; as an instance of the last, mark the two verses above. "One hope unclouded yet remains" to us. In his little "Daily Bread" book, from which he read as daily food, we find the sweet Scripture promise for January 9th, the first hour of which day he departed this life, to be this: "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee."—Isaiah xliii., 2.

Ah! beloved friends, it is true. He has passed through the waters of the river of death, and God was with him, so visibly as not to be misunderstood. And he has borne him up on high. Dear reader, after such a life, and such a death in our family, so

full of wonder and of glory, and the sad hearts that are left behind, for the vacancy it has made, I cannot help subjoining some of his own selections; to be found in his scrap-book, because they seem to show how very thoughtful he was for many months, and even years, looking forward to just such an hour and just such a scene as has so recently passed by us. And they now come to us with a meaning that they never possessed before. Here is one:

“When faith and patience, hope and love,  
Have made me meet for heaven above;  
How blessed the privilege to rise,  
Snatched, in a moment, to the skies;  
Unconscious to resign my breath,  
Nor taste the bitterness of death,  
Such be my lot, Lord, if it please,  
To die in silence, and at ease;  
But if Thy wisdom sees it best,  
To turn Thine ear from this request,  
If sickness be the appointed way,  
To waste this frame of human clay;  
If worn with grief and racked with pain,  
This earth must turn to earth again,  
Then let the angels round me stand;

Support me by Thy powerful hand.  
Let not my faith and patience move,  
Nor aught abate my hope of love,  
But brighter may my graces shine,  
Till they're absorbed, in light divine."

This was every word literally verified in his death, except that he resigned his breath in perfect consciousness, and seemed to say farewell to us by an instant smile that came upon his face, and death left it there. It seemed that he knew that the suddenness and grandeur of his final flight from the earth had astonished the beholders, and was looking back (as he ascended) at our surprise, and smiled. Here is a second one:

" But the angels softly, softly,  
Called our darling to that shore,  
Where the tree of life is growing,  
And all is brightness evermore."

And here is a third:

" When our earthly life is ended,  
And our earthly mission done,  
We shall go across the river,  
At the setting of the sun.

"And in God's celestial mansions,  
Clothed in garments strangely fair,  
We shall know the bliss of heaven;  
We shall meet each other there."

I will give this one more, because the theme of "watching and waiting" on the other shore, which is the title of it, seemed to be a favorite one with him. And when he was alone with his mother, and they were often alone, he would frequently talk to her, and with her, about it; and to her he would often read such pieces as I here insert:

#### WATCHING AND WAITING AT THE GATE

"Let me go! for the morning is breaking,  
Let me go! I no longer can wait;  
I'll away to the land of the living,  
Where I'll watch for you all at the gate.

"I would stay, but the Master is calling,  
And the future is not a dark fate;  
No, the 'Land of the Leal' is most radiant,  
But I'll wait for you all at the gate.

"I would linger with dear ones around me,  
For my heart love was never so great,  
Yet the love of my Jesus constraineth,  
But I'll wait for you all at the gate.

“ When your sun, darling ones, shall be setting,

And shadows shall tell it is late;

When the Master shall call, on that evening,

I'll greet you, each one, at the gate.”

Ah! it is true, as the poet has said:

“ Death enters and there's no defense.” We could not prevent his

going, and at that early morning hour he went. In that bright land of the

living he is waiting for us that still linger on this side of the river. He

is waiting and we are waiting; he, for our coming, and we for the Master's

call. As he waits he basks in the noontide sunlight of glory; while we,

as we wait, meditate, ruminate, ponder, and are sad on this dark earth of

sorrow, made so by sin. He, the darling of the household, seemed too

bright for such a world, and the Lord removed him to a higher and holier

habitation. The sweet prattle and warble, and the accustomed moving

to and fro of that dear form are heard and seen no longer. But in the place



of these, he is singing the song of Moses and the Lamb, and in that place of ineffable joy, for anything we can now know, may be flying on heavenly wings around the throne.

## CHAPTER XVII.

In the days that are left us, friendly reader, we can take up the little scrap-book (among a score of various other things) prepared and arranged by those little tender departed hands, and we can read with a degree of sweet consolation such a selection as this that he used so often to read with a great deal of pleasure:

There is no sweeter story told  
In all the blessed book,  
Than how the Lord within His arms  
The little children took.

We love Him for the tender touch  
That made the leper whole,  
And for the wondrous words that healed  
The tired, sin-sick soul.

But closer to His loving heart  
Our human hearts are brought,  
When for the little children's sake  
Love's sweetest spell is wrought.

For their young eyes His sorrowing face  
A smile of gladness wore;  
A smile that for His little ones  
It weareth evermore.

The voice that silenced priest and scribe  
For them grew low and sweet,  
And still for them His gentle lips  
The loving words repeat:

"Forbid them not!" O, blessed Christ!  
We bring them unto Thee,  
And pray that on their heads may rest  
Thy benedicite!

Or such as this:

"Though mighty deeds by right  
From older folks are due,  
Yet little one should try  
Some good, at least, to do.

"The gentle child, though small.  
May little favors show,  
And loving words to all  
From infant lips may flow."

Or this:

"In books, or work, or healthful play,  
Let my first years be passed,  
That I may give for every day  
A good account at last.

"In works of labor, or of skill,  
I would be busy too;  
For Satan finds some mischief still  
For idle hands to do."

A few days after the death of our little Jimmy a little neighbor girl by the name of Minnie, a bright Christian child of ten years, who had just recovered from a spell of serious sickness before he died, was reading and came to this verse:

"Why my little life extend  
And put off its hastening end?  
'Tis a shadow flitting by,  
Cast by sunshine in the sky."

And she, lifting her eyes from the page, said to her mother: "That verse suits my case." She then read on further until she came to these words, which she read with great care:

"Gladly, then, I pass away,  
Welcome high and cloudless day;  
Day without a setting sun,  
Years eternally begun.

"In that sky is better life,  
Where no chilly shades are rife;  
And through all the constant, range,  
Joy to joy, its only change."

And then said: "And these, ma, just suit little Jimmy Hobbs." And when her ma told it to us, how truly we did think they suited his case, and hers.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

When little Jimmy would be reading in the Bible some verses would so impress his mind that he would draw a pencil mark around them. Such verses are numerous. I ought to give some specimens :

“A wise son maketh a glad father; but a foolish son is the heaviness of his mother.” Prov. x, 1.

“I love them that love Me; and those that seek Me early shall find Me.” Prov. viii, 17.

“Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life.” Prov. iv, 23.

“Cast thy burden upon the Lord and He will sustain thee. He shall never suffer the righteous to be moved.” Psalm lv, 22.

“O, Israel, thou hast destroyed

thyself; but in Me is thine help.”  
Hosea xii, 9.

“For I will pour water upon him that is thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground; I will pour My spirit upon thy seed, and My blessing upon thy offspring.” Isa. xliv, 3.

Our Jimmy was a lover of the beautiful. He was delighted with natural scenery. He admired flowers. He was pleased when, on a beautiful spring or summer day, he could traverse the woods over hills and hollows, with some of the family for company, in search of them; or when in the garden or yard, he could plant or cultivate them, or gather them in bouquets, or press them into wreaths. When driving along the road, if his little eye fell upon a lovely wild flower, it was very painful to him to have to pass it, and many times has our buggy come to a halt to gather them for him. He loved to hear the organ or the piano, and was highly

gratified to visit his Aunt Mary, or his cousins after their mother died, and hear them play the piano.

He talked a great deal and planned a great deal how, after a while, he would build a large house, and provide for the future comfort and keeping of his father and mother when feeble age came on. He said we should live below on the first floor, for it would be too hard for us to climb the stairs then; but his room would be up stairs. Well, truly, we are dwelling below and his room is now above, in that great "house not made with (his little) hands, but eternal in the heavens."

Little Jimmy (for indeed he was little all his life, his weight never having gone above forty-six pounds), would often say what he expected to do when he became rich. But coming across this verse of Scripture one day: "But they that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare, and into many



foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition." I Tim. vi, 9. He was never heard to talk of being rich after this. But showing this Scripture to his mother he said: "*Now, I'll never be rich. I never want to be rich.*"

His knowledge of places and routes of travel was very surprising. He would trace them even around the world, and in his imagination go around it himself, too. He learned the map of the United States nearly by heart in the last six months of life, and could locate every state and territory in the Union; and just seemed to grasp the idea of the earth's circuit.

The poet has said :

" O, that my tender soul might fly,  
The first abhorred approach of ill,  
Quick as the apple of an eye,  
The slightest touch of sin to feel!"

And in these words he has described very closely the nature of our little boy. When he had done any little

wrong act, or had thought wrong, or felt wrong, he was unhappy until he had told his ma, and prayed to God about it, and felt that both had forgiven him; and then he was joyous as before.

His mother remembers but one time in his life when he stated what was not true, and a mother's memory, I am persuaded, is not bad on such a point as this. At first she thought his statement was true, but presently he came to her very sad, and said: "Ma, it wasn't the way I told you." And then he hesitated and the tears came into his eyes and he said: "I did do that, ma." "What do you say, Jimmy?" she inquired. He said: "Ma, I told you a story;" and he put his arms around her neck and begged to be forgiven, and cried aloud. O, such repentance as this will bring forgiveness. She forgave him; and so did God, for he asked him to, with a broken heart. And then our little

one was happy again. I do bless God for a child with such a heart.

When I think of the delight he took in hearing an instrument of music, and his desire again to hear his cousins play theirs, which desire was not gratified in this life, I am partly relieved when I take up a Christmas gift he left me and read on it this verse; he chose it himself:

“Soon we’ll join in the song which the angels  
sing

As they stand on the heavenly plain.

Soon we’ll play, on a harp with a golden  
string,

And the height of the heavenly vault shall  
ring

With the praise of a Savior slain.”

When I think of the two stars he desired and strove to win for his immortal crown, I bow my knee and lift my heart to God in prayer that this book, an humble though true history of his sweet life, may go out and win many precious souls to Christ and heaven, both that their joy may be

full to all eternity, and that his little crown may be set glistening full of stars. Go thou, dear reader, and win souls for your Savior and stars for your crown. His mother, since we have given up our Jimmy, has neither father nor mother, \*brother nor sister, son or daughter left in this world, but she has a bright hope that all of them are safely housed in heaven. She says:

“They are all gone into a world of light,

† And I alone sit lingering here;

Their very memory is fair and bright,

And my sad thoughts and feelings cheer.”

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\*She has, however, a half-brother and sister.

†At the present revision, January 12, 1893, it ought to be stated, she followed her darling to glory six years, one month, and five days after his death. Now they have been together over there, seven years, eleven months, and twenty-eight days.

## CHAPTER XIX.

His brother Edwin when away on a visit to Chester, wrote in a family letter these few words for little Jimmy:

Tell Jimmy to watch the mails closely, because he might receive something by so doing. But be careful that it does not bite him. Your brother,

EDWIN HOBBS.

He was greatly pleased at this intelligence, and very anxiously visited the postoffice till he received a beautiful little watch, which, on applying the thumb to a spring, could be set in motion and strike. This was a daily companion, and considered a great keep-sake from his dear brother. The watch is now given to Eddie again as a precious memorial of the one that is gone.\*

\*At the time of this revision, Edwin has also been gone, over ten years.

In the *Central Christian Advocate* of February 5, 1879, the following obituary appeared;

DIED.—At Preacher's home, in Middleton, Wayne county, Illinois, of lung fever, Jimmy Hobbs, January 9, 1879, aged 8 years, 5 months, and 12 days. He was a Bible reader for four and a half years, and a ripe Christian child. He was certainly guided by the counsel of God, and is now received into glory. He gave himself to God and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church six days before his last illness, and was happy. He said he was ready to die and go home to heaven. He was the son of James and Lizzie Hobbs, of the Southern Illinois Conference.

A few days after the notice of his death appeared in the paper, this letter was received from Rev. Joseph Harris, presiding elder of my district, and a great friend of the "little preacher," as he very often called him, and which was a very common and familiar name for him by visitors and friends:

*Dear Brother Hobbs:*—I have just read in the *Central*, to my great surprise, of the death of your little boy. You have my sympathy in

your great and sad bereavement. It will be your loss, but the infinite gain of your dear child. He was too good and smart for this world, so God took him. May you be resigned to the will of God, and comfort your hearts in the assurance that you can go to him. Give my kindest regards to Sister Hobbs. May the Lord sustain and comfort her. God bless you all. I am yours ever,

J. HARRIS.

Two days later we received the following from Brother J. B. Thompson, of Southern Illinois Conference, stationed at McLeansboro, Hamilton county, Illinois:

*Dear Brother Hobbs:*—Let me now greet you in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, and let me bow low with you in submission to the will of our Heavenly Father, who doeth all things well. I have just noticed in the *Central* the fearful trial you have been called on to pass through in the death of our precious little Jimmy. You won't be offended, will you, Brother Hobbs, when I say our Jimmy? My own dear wife and children, as well as myself, love to remember dear little Jimmy so well, that his name is a household word with us. I cannot tell you what a pang went through my heart as I read that the dear little angel boy

had gone home. I can look upon the dear little one in no other light than as a saint for his holiness, a believer for his faith, a brother for his fellowship, and a disciple for his knowledge. On reading the little notice of your bereavement, my wife said: "That is not enough to be said about that dear little boy." I replied, I will write immediately and ask Brother Hobbs and his wife all the facts, so that I can present a sketch of Jimmy's life and death to the *Central* for publication. So, if you would be willing, please write me some of the many facts in his interesting life; such as his pious mind, his studious habits, his Biblical knowledge, and any fact of interest in the habits and practice of his life; also, his precise age and the particulars of his illness and death.

Glory be to God for salvation for our children! May God bless you abundantly and sustain you in this and in all trials. Please answer. My wife joins me in kindest Christian love to you all.

Yours in Jesus,

J. B. THOMPSON.

Soon after Jimmy's death we received the following poem from a lady friend who was very highly esteemed by him as well as by us all,



LINES ON THE LIFE AND DEATH OF JIMMY  
HOBBS.

I gazed on a bright and beautiful flower,  
I marked its delicate hues,  
It grew as if tended by heavenly power  
And bathed in heavenly dews.  
I gazed on this plant of heavenly birth,  
And saw, and felt, its spirit's worth.  
I dared not clasp it, though much inclined,  
As it grew in love's pure sun,  
Lest my loving touch should seem unkind,  
And "offend this little one;"  
For I saw it was frail as its beauty was rare,  
An exotic that needed the tenderest care.  
I saw, when the rude blast of winter was near,  
And the snow her soft mantle had given,  
But I saw that its beauty was radiant and  
clear,  
As if 'twas reflected from Heaven.  
But an angel was sent to sever its ties  
And transplant this bright flower to a home  
in the skies.  
Then I wept, that this beauty no more I  
might see,  
While encumbered with this earthy clod;  
But I smile when I think what its glory must  
be,  
In its home in the palace of God.  
And O, while I live in this sad world of woe,  
I long to be fitted beside it to grow.

—Mrs. Zettie Greathouse.

We committed the remains of our precious one to the silent tomb in the graveyard at Chester, Randolph county, Illinois, a hundred miles from the place of his death. We conveyed them there mostly for the reason that Lilly was there, as I have already stated, that she might see the darling form one time more, though it was hard for her to see him and not hear him speak one more word to her. The word he left with us for her was all she could hear: "Tell her good-bye." But he will speak again. He will have another greeting for us all

Where all the ship's company meet  
Who have sailed with the Savior on earth,  
With shouting each other they'll greet,  
And triumph o'er sorrow and death.

Hallelujah to God for the triumph!  
May we all meet there.

After we returned home from the burial and had written to our daughter, we received an answer from her

that seems worthy of a place in this small volume. It is as follows:

CHESTER, ILL., Jan. 31, 1879.

*Dear Parents and only Brother:*—It is with a sad, lonesome, and homesick heart that I seat myself to answer your long-looked-for letter, which came at last. One lonesome card instead of the letter, enclosed with another little darling letter from the little hands which will never write again. No little letter comes now to cheer the lonesome hours that drag so heavily. No; the little form lies silent in the grave; and when I think of the three long weary weeks that have passed since we looked on him last, and look forward to the long years of the future without him, my heart sinks within me. I almost imagine I see the little form at home as he used to be. It all seems like a dream to me; but when I think of the little new-made grave in yonder graveyard, and the three lonesome, waiting hearts around the table, and the fire at home, the little vacant chair, those idle books and playthings, and that lonesome kitty. Ah! it flashes upon my mind that it is too true. He visits me in my dreams every night. And at nightfall when I sit down to reflect on the great change that has taken place in our family, I fancy I almost see him here on earth again. At other times I almost see him in heaven, at the right hand of

God. I dreamed the other night that I too was called home, and the first one I saw was darling Jimmy. I awoke overpowered at the idea of meeting him so soon. I have only wished that it might have been true, instead of a dream. And another night I dreamed that he stood by my bedside in his angel robes. I embraced him, weeping, and said: "Oh! have you come back, dear Jimmy?" At the sound of my voice he waved his hand towards heaven and vanished. Oh! will he never return? I am going to the graveyard to-morrow, February 1. The roads have been so muddy and bad I have not been there yet, but I can stay away no longer. Oh! how little did I think the last time I saw him that he would never speak to me again. He kissed me good-bye, but his little eyes filled with tears and his heart was too full to speak. I can see him yet as he turned away from the buggy, and, alas! from his sister for the last time. I still see him as he walked up the road towards home. I have often thought, since then, that if we only could know when the last kiss and embrace were given, when we parted from those we love, how much longer the embrace and how much dearer the kiss would be! But all these things are hidden from our knowledge.

Well, to-morrow is my only brother's birthday. Nineteen years old to-morrow. He will miss the little celebration. No birthday cele-

bration for you Eddie, to-morrow. Jimmy is gone where it is one grand celebration all the time.\*

It is so hard to think of closing this letter without writing the usual little one to Jimmy; but I have written a long letter and will look for a long one in return from all of you.

Yours truly and affectionately. Farewell.

LILLY HOBBS.

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\*Jimmy's custom was to celebrate all our birthdays.

## CHAPTER XX.

Before the burial, which took place on Sabbath, January 12, a funeral sermon was preached at 11 o'clock in the Methodist Episcopal Church, in Chester, by Brother M. P. Wilkin, from James iv., 14, and second clause: "For what is your life?" A very interesting and appropriate discourse was preached from these words. The question, "What is life?" was shown to be much more important than the question, "What is death?" so often asked by curious minds.

Life was defined to be our stay on earth. Further, the stay of responsible beings in a state of probation. And, further still, the period of the soul and body's union on earth, or the period between birth and death. It was shown that the measure of life was not numbered by days and months

and years, but by the activity, diligence, zeal, and constancy of the person, and the number of important events crowded into that period, or the contrary. The conversion of children, quite young, was spoken of, not only as a fact, but as a grand and glorious fact. Brother Wilkin said he believed that many of these little ones were soundly converted to God when the only altar at which they had ever bowed was their mother's knee. And my heart said, Amen. He said: "Of course there had not been that great rending of the vail of the temple, because there had not been such a cloud of actual sin. But there was just as sure a turning to God and just as true a laying hold of salvation, by faith in Christ.

The congregation sang the nine hundred and seventy-ninth hymn.

Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep,  
From which none ever wakes to weep!  
A calm and undisturbed repose,  
Unbroken by the last of foes.

Asleep in Jesus! O how sweet,  
To be for such a slumber meet!  
With holy confidence to sing,  
That death hath lost his venom'd sting.

Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,  
Whose waking is supremely blest!  
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour,  
That manifests the Saviour's power.

Asleep in Jesus! O for me,  
May such a blissful refuge be!  
Securely shall my ashes lie,  
Waiting the summons from on high.

Asleep in Jesus! far from thee,  
Thy kindred and their graves may be;  
But thine is still a blessed sleep,  
From which none ever wakes to weep.

I will now just add what I deem an appropriate closing peace—a farewell to a broken family by a departing one; and their response to the same, in a united voice.

#### THE DEPARTING ONE.

Farewell to all the scenes of childhood,  
To all on earth I bid adieu;  
For I am going up to Eden,  
Where brighter scenes I soon shall view.



Farewell! farewell! my loving father,  
I'm passing o'er the Jordan now;  
But Jesus, He is going with me,  
And soon before His throne I'll bow.

Farewell, my mother, loving mother,  
You'll miss your sonny here, I know;  
But, mother dear, I'll be in heaven,  
For to my Savior I shall go.

Farewell, my loving brother, sister,  
I know you'll miss my presence here;  
And when you gather round the hearthstone,  
You'll see my little vacant chair.

But gather up my toys, dear mother,  
You'll put them all away I know;  
And when your happy voices mingle,  
Let not a tear of sorrow flow.

Remember, when I've gone to heaven,  
That I'll be standing at the gate;  
I'll walk beside the peaceful river,  
And for you all I'll watch and wait.

THE GRIEVING ONES IN RESPONSE.

Farewell! dear darling, till the meeting,  
When we'll strike hands to part no more;  
And far beyond the reach of sorrow,  
We meet you on that peaceful shore.

## CHAPTER XXI.

## CONCLUSION.

Dear reader, in the spirit of the book you have now read, let me appeal to you in a few closing words. Where to-day are our loved ones, father, mother, brother, sister, child, who have been with us here, and are now gone from their life on earth? Passing out of our presence, passed they not into the world of delight—the Paradise of God? Many of them have, as we all agree in believing. How then are the attractions of heaven, already marvelously strong, continually increasing as the days, months, and years go by, and as the earthly ties are being taken one by one. Perhaps a mother who watched over us in sickness till we recovered, then grew sick and died; or a father,

worn with hard toil for our support, at last went up to glory; or a brother, sister, husband, wife, or child, now in heaven, should draw us there.

“ O may we meet in heaven,  
O may we meet in heaven;  
In heaven above, where all is love,  
And there's no sorrow there.”

They cannot return to us, but we may go to them. Now, will we do this! Yes—no—which is it? Dear reader, are you to-day a sinner? Then I beseech you trifle no longer with Christ and your soul. Time, so short and uncertain, is speeding away. The only period in which the Son of Man has power to forgive sins. If the rest of your life pass as it has thus far, what bitter reflections will follow. Salvation gone! Heaven lost! Harvest past! Summer ended! and you not saved! Consider this to-day. Enter your closet, shut to the door, confess your sins. Implore mercy and pardon from God through Christ. Believe, and be saved.

If you are a Christian, then from this day let it be your great object to get an entirely clean and HOLY HEART, a renewed and right spirit. You are bearing fruit, but let God purge you that you, being perfectly pure, may bear much fruit. Make now a full and complete consecration, exercise now a complete trust in a perfect Savior for an entire cleansing—an entire sanctification; have it at once, by faith, and go on your heavenly way, “Rejoicing evermore, praying without ceasing,” and, “In everything giving thanks,” and the blessing of God will be upon you, forever.

THE END.

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